

## DEBORAH WANYAMA

I am Deborah Wanyama. I was born in 2006 and am now fourteen years old. I have one live parent, my father, called Cleophas Wanyama. My mother died 2 years ago, a sad event that left us with a single parent. We are ten siblings, seven brothers, and three sisters. I am the last born among girls.

At home, my father is a small-scale/peasant farmer. The crops he grows are not enough to sustain us sufficiently, he has to go out every day, do casual works for other people to raise money for our education, and get enough food for our family. Our firstborn, a sister did not finish her studies. She dropped out in Form 3 (Grade 11) due to difficulties getting her required tuition fee. Our second-born brother is hard working but limited by both circumstances and resources. Whenever sent back home for fees, he takes an ax, goes into the forest (belonging to a nearby sugar company), and slips firewood, enough to help him raise two or three months' fees. The cycle repeats itself, which is not only risky but also not sustainable in the end. For the remaining of us, dad navigates every day and challenges to ensure that we get a good education, and be able to achieve our goals.



In primary school, life was very hard. I used to be send home for tuition fees by my teachers. I often felt anxious and sad whenever I saw this coming because I knew it could take days before dad gets money to send me back to school. However, I persevered and worked tirelessly with every opportunity I had to maximize my chances of excelling. This, coupled with the fact that I was the class prefect and liked singing gave me favors before some of my teachers who allowed me to stay in class. Singing is my favorite hobby because it is a source of encouragement in my life. I am good at Science, Kiswahili, and English with which I hope to get even better in high

school. I scored 343 marks in the Kenya Certificate for Primary Education (KCPE) and looked forward to joining a good high school.

I am ambitious of becoming a journalist. I want to cover stories, events and tell truth to the world. Unfortunately, this is a dream that I may not be able to achieve due to the lack of fees. However, I am grateful for the chance I got to come to Living Hope High School (LHHS), my final source of hope indeed! I pray that God will touch the heart of a good person to support me here so that I may be able to reach my destiny.

Having been in LHHS for only three days, I have the impression that this is a good school. The contact of senior students is exceptional, which I have never seen anywhere else; they have good morals, speak English and keep time. I promise to work hard and be as good as many of the students here, so please, help me stay and study at LHHS. I will be grateful!